

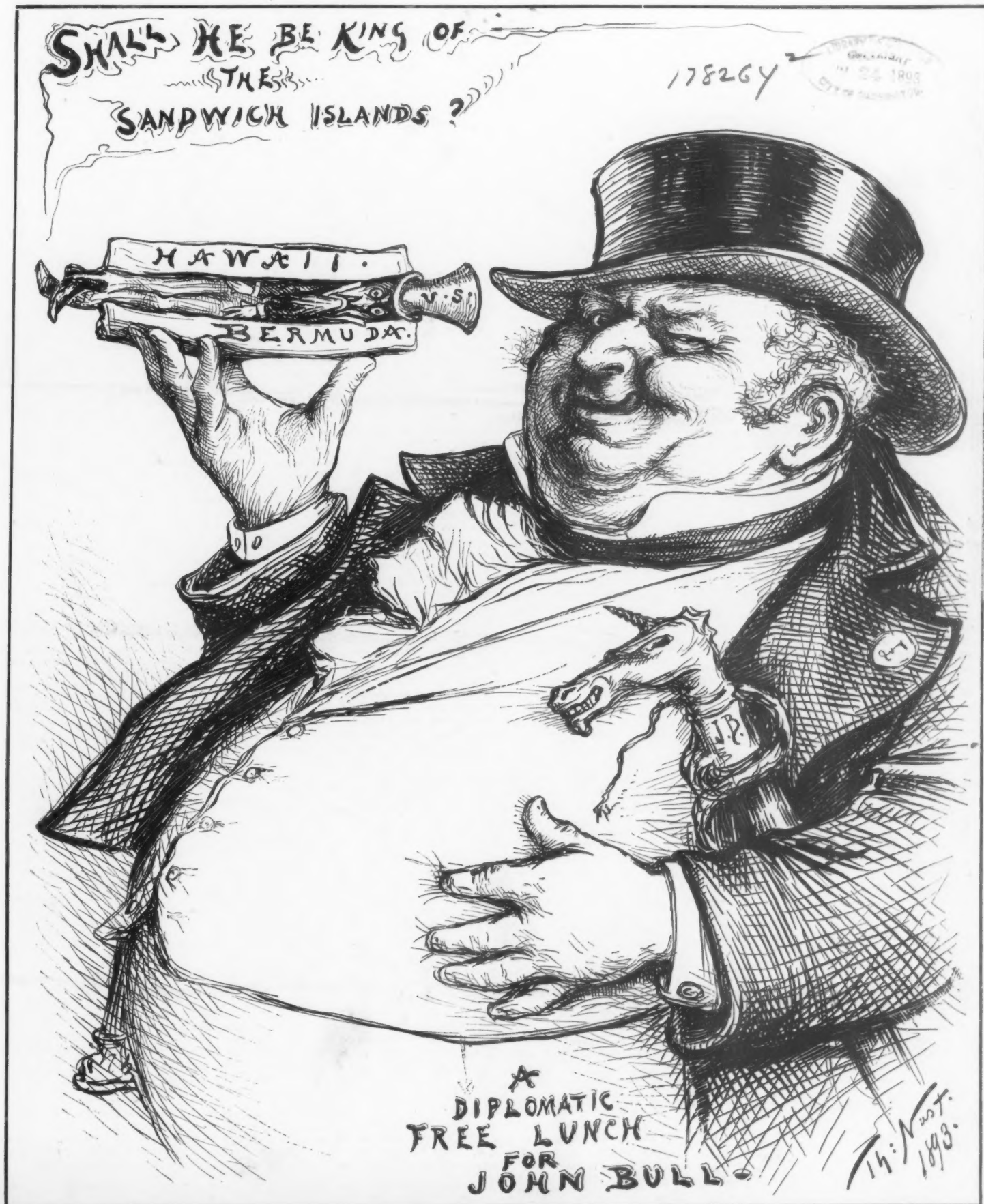
ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, JUNE 24, 1893.

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PETER FENELON COLLIER.

No. 521 West 13th Street, New York.

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We don't want short stories. All correspondents who send us short stories or poems will be expected to keep copies thereof. We cannot be responsible for their return.

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO COMPETITORS.

AS THE competition for the gold medal or one hundred dollars, at the option of the winner, offered by *ONCE A WEEK* for the best essay, not exceeding three thousand words in length, on the subject of "The Seven Wonders of the Nineteenth Century," will close next week, we would suggest that all manuscripts be forwarded to this office without further delay. The sooner all essays are in the sooner will the prize be awarded. The following committee of distinguished gentlemen have consented to act as examiners:

Thomas A. Edison, Orange, N. J.
Hon. Thos. L. James, ex-Postmaster-General U. S.
Very Rev. Thos. Byrne, Mount St. Mary's, Price Hill, Cincinnati, O.
Sir James Grant, K.C.M.G., M.D., Ottawa, Canada.
Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education, Toronto, Canada.
Hon. Amos J. Cummings, M.C., Washington, D. C.

NEW YORK and Chicago are making faces at each other again. They are our biggest and ought to know better.

THE political contest in Peru is so hot that the United States ship *Alliance* has been ordered from Panama to Callao to protect American interests.

SIGNOR CUCINIELLO, late manager of the Rome branch of the Bank of Naples, has received his salary in advance for a ten years' sojourn in prison at forty thousand dollars a year.

WALL STREET men demand that something be done at once to prevent the manipulation of bad and dangerous stocks. If they cannot put a stop to such business themselves, why not have the law help them out with a few clearly defined penal enactments? We demand relief for the Wall Street petitioners, right now and here.

CONSERVATIVES in Nicaragua are asserting that that country has been practically sold to the United States. They object on the ground that they are able to govern themselves, and that they do not need our protection, only our friendship. The country owes English capitalists two million dollars. This explains the milk in the Nicaragua coconut. The Conservatives need more than our friendship.

THE State constitution of New Jersey does not prohibit lotteries; it merely forbids the State's participating in them—so that, while New Jersey cannot sell pools or go to the races, she can furnish both all year round to those who may think they need them. The law and order people and the race track magnates are before the State Supreme Court to find out just how this is. The racers have the inside track at present.

BRAZIL made a much-needed improvement in her relations with the revolutionists of Rio Grande do Sul by routing them in the last few battles. If the Brazilian Government will turn its attention now to the Italian colonists and other foreigners who have been assisting the rebels, the world at large will sympathize with the Brazilian Government. There is too much meddling by outsiders in South American internal affairs.

FREDERICK R. COUDERT has returned from Paris and reports that the United States counsel are making out a strong case before the Behring Sea Tribunal of Arbitration. "International law is a progressive science," says Mr. Coudert. "Its germs are founded in reason and necessity. Necessity is really its parent, and where reason applies, rules must follow." It has become necessary to do something to prevent the extermination of the seal, and international law must be equal to the emergency.

YOUR true German statesman, even if he is in retirement, speaks for the best interests of Fatherland, as he sees them, even if in so doing he is forced to endorse the policy of those who were recently his bitter political rivals. Conversing with Professor Kahl at Frederichsruhe, Prince Bismarck declared that an increase of the army was necessary. He opposed adding to the infantry or cavalry strength, but maintained that the increase should be

made to the artillery forces, which, he declared, would decide the battles of the future. Prince Bismarck said that Germany was fully able to bear the added cost that would be entailed by adding to her military strength. The rabid militarism of statesmen of the Bismarck school can see nothing in the way of an army increase. And yet the people of Germany may decide to differ with Kaiser, Caprivi and Bismarck on this question. The result of the pending elections in Germany will tell us a great deal about the trend of German public opinion.

A VITAL QUESTION.

THE editor of the *Century Magazine* claims to have discovered proof of a foreign Know-Nothingism that is preventing American boys from learning trades. In a forthcoming series of articles, the *Century* proposes to show that some trades-unions in this country are combining in this conspiracy against American boys, whereas foreign workmen who have not served their full apprenticeship are freely admitted and carefully instructed in their trades while drawing the pay of full journeymen; that the bulk of foreign laborers who come to this country are the poorest of their trades in Europe; that in addition to being poor and indifferent workmen, they are in many instances men of inferior moral training and instincts, frequently of turbulent and anti-social proclivities and practices, and are often without sympathy for American institutions, and have no regard whatever for the country's welfare; that in addition to the foreign laborers who take up their abode here and possess the field, there are many thousands of others who come here in every busy season, work while that season lasts, and return to their homes when it is ended; that while these "harvesters," as they are called, are admitted to the unions and are given work on equal terms with union members, the union authorities refuse American boys as apprentices and journeymen on the ground that the labor market is crowded and the interests of labor will be harmed if Americans are allowed to come in.

Before we can judge of the extent of this very serious state of things we must see the *Century's* bill of particulars. But, assuming that there is some truth in the above statement, what is to be done? If foreign-born laborers, skilled and unskilled, have begun to dominate labor organizations and to discriminate against American boys to such an extent as to exclude them from the chance to learn trades, the conclusion of the *Century* will be, doubtless, that labor organizations, as such, have grown to be an un-American and anti-American institution. This conclusion depends altogether on the facts as proved. If the facts are as alleged, the conclusion is just and must stand.

We suspect that the *Century* is opposed to labor organizations, and that the forthcoming series of articles will be a vigorous attack upon what is called "trades-unionism." But *ONCE A WEEK* has no such object in calling attention to this subject. We believe in organized labor, and that the best interests of the country demand not only its continuance, but that it be made more highly efficient, more solidly established, more united, and more responsible.

Why an individual adopted citizen should aim to exclude an American boy as such from the chance to learn a trade, is not clear. But the great body of the American people, including the adopted citizens, will not ask why. They simply will not tolerate such practices. Let labor organizations look to it. Native Know-Nothingism is dead; foreign Know-Nothingism, if really it be born, must die, and at once.

The *Century* articles will be strong and influential; they will be widely read; they will have the force and color of truth that a trained writer can give to them, who is probably the chosen champion of the opponents of organized labor. The best way to forestall the effect of those articles is to crush the infant head of foreign Know-Nothingism now, inside of all labor organizations that pretend to do business in this country. Let the labor organizations look well to it.

MUST THE NEGRO GO?

EX-SENATOR INGALLS of Kansas proposed, in a recent article, to remedy the ills of the negro in this country by migration to Africa; and though Mr. INGALLS is very reluctantly out of political life and seems rather over-anxious to keep himself before the eye of the newspaper-reading public, his undoubted ability in point of original suggestion will always insure attention to anything he has to say.

But, in the first place, the ills of the black man in this country are more apparent to the rest of us than they are to the alleged sufferers. The negro is not complaining—considering the treatment we all claim he is getting, not only down South, but up here. White children will not play with his children, and the negro repines not. They are educated in separate schools and worship in separate churches, yet there are no colored indignation meetings.

They are buried in separate cemeteries, yet no uneasy black apparition haunts ours or knocks for admittance at unseasonable times while the grave-digger sleeps. If they settle in a neighborhood, real estate there is depressed—which is, on the whole, not a bad thing for Sambo. Immigrants avoid contact with him,

and the negro falls back at once on his pride as an American-born citizen—that's all right, boss. "Places of trust, honor and emolument," says Mr. INGALLS, "are shut against them inexorably." The same places are shut against millions of whites, and the negro can stand it, surely, if the whites can. If the negroes are under a "bondage whose imperceptible manacles are forged and riveted by the tyranny of Nature," there is, at least, an equal number of whites under the same tyranny.

And yet the black man is not unhappy. He is occasionally lynched for heinous crimes; so is the white man. His votes are counted out sometimes, it is alleged, in the South; there are cases on record wherein white men have done that to one another in the North. The negro can work in the cotton-fields of the South, the barley-fields of the North and the Pullman car of the American Union; one of these and largely another are barred against the white man. The colored man is not pestered with bad white neighbors, as the decent white man is. Why should the negro go to Africa?

The fact is, the negro question is bothering some of the whites more than it is bothering the negro. The black man is, in general, contented. What is the nature of the menace to the American Union that calls for Mr. INGALLS's African migration remedy for the negroes? They are not, confessedly, a part of what is called pauper labor. They do not insult or trample or haul down the American flag, as the Anarchist has done. They do not ridicule American institutions, as some of the "better class" Europeans are in the habit of doing. They are grateful, as a class, for the blessings they enjoy here. The wounds of the South are well-nigh healed, and the black man is needed down there. Ex-Senator INGALLS of Kansas should let the black man alone, and try another advertising dodge.

A POINT FOR THE JURY.

IN the State of California a suit for damages was brought by one Katie E. Dixon against William J. Plans for injuries received by the said Katie E. Dixon and caused by the negligence of the said William J. Plans. The defendant was upon a scaffold at work and let fall a chisel, which, striking the plaintiff, inflicted the injuries for which damages were sought. The jury, none of whom had ever been struck with a chisel in precisely the same way, had widely varying estimates as to how badly the plaintiff was hurt. The harder-headed said: Mere child's play; the tender-hearted said: Money for doctor's bills, for injured feelings and for letting the chisel fall; the chivalrous said: She is a lady, and is entitled to heavy damages—why, the ideal a refined lady hit on the head with a chisel; it is an outrage, a disgrace to California!

And so the jury wrangled, and talked sentiment, and said pretty things through their hats. They then drew straws to kill time. They played—let us see—ah, yes—poker; they played poker. They were locked in, without bell, and grew very dry; without book, and the law grew dim; without lights, and the shadows deepened under the table. The chisel and the lady's cranium, feeling and sex, were forgotten. No verdict. Chaos reigned; the judge's charge sought in vain for the faintest gleam of recognition in that chamber of equal and exact justice.

But the reaction came. One juror had an idea—an old one, but it always works. Slips of paper were handed round; each juror wrote upon it the sum he thought was right; the sums were added and then divided by twelve: result, seven hundred and eighteen dollars for Katie E. Dixon, to help pay her attorneys.

The case was carried to the State Supreme Court, as all such cases usually are, in common with momentous cases involving the ownership of such chattels as twelve-shilling calves and fourteen shillings' worth of worm-fence. Now, though gold was found originally in California by a chance digging of a much-needed ditch, the highest court in the State now holds that, applied to finding gold in a jury-room, chance has lapsed from its primeval efficacy. The slip verdict was the result of mere chance. Therefore, the finding of the jury in the lower court is reversed.

It may not be out of place to remark that all chance methods of "compromising" in criminal cases involving sometimes the life or death of the prisoner should be barred also. The California decision is a timely hint to all impatient jurors.

THE Home Rule Bill clause which has just passed tells about the matters that Ireland must not legislate on. If the clause could be passed that tells what subjects the expected Parliament in Dublin will have power to legislate on, the clause just passed will not have been in vain. Meantime, Gladstone and his supporters are possessing their souls in a patience that bids fair to outwind Tory obstinacy yet. One advantage of passing the Home Rule Bill should not be overlooked. Great Britain could then legislate on something else.

THE attitude of the British workingmen toward the royal family may be fairly gauged by the Radical agitation against presents for Princess Mary of Teck on the occasion of Her Highness's forthcoming nuptials with the Duke of York. At citizens' meetings held in Bristol, Oldham and other manufacturing centers, not only were resolutions passed ignoring the wedding celebrations altogether and against observing the day as a universal holiday, but the names of royalty were vigorously hissed. This is very ungracious treatment of the young princess; but it gives a striking picture of English laboring class sentiment. Whether it means real aspirations toward an enlarged popular freedom, or mere stubbornness of the masses mad at somebody, remains to be seen.

THE hot weather is upon us. Personal, home and municipal cleanliness, and strict attention to personal health and strength and cheerfulness, are imperatively demanded. There is no cause for alarm if these and other requirements are faithfully and habitually met. The neglect of them will be a crime. Their observance is easy. But no amount of talk, rules and regulations will do the business. Individual effort, action, watchfulness, cheerfulness, "take-your-time," are needed. Cholera is spreading in the South of France. Great mortality from the scourge is reported from Mecca, Arabia. Strict quarantine has been established at the Spanish port of Santander. Russian emigrants are barred out of Hamburg by both land and sea. Europe is alarmed. We need not, must not be. But we must keep ourselves strong, cleanly and cheerful, and our streets and homes fit for ourselves to live and breathe in.

GIVE wheat credit for throwing itself into the financial breach. Up to date in the month of June there have been unprecedented shipments of wheat to the seaboard, to obtain ready money that was scarce in the grain-growing States, and due in the East. Now, is this not the "West" coming to the rescue of the East in our mutual "money" muddle? And, by the way, what more ready money do we want than good wheat? And why cannot the "moneyed" East and the wheat-grower think alike on the money question? Is somebody exaggerating the importance of hard cash, while hard wheat, that we eat, takes a back seat, until needed to check defeat? There is much good wheat and real money in a careful and fair-play solution of these problems.

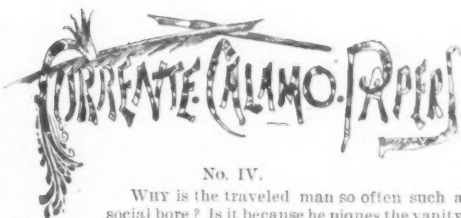
CONGRESSMAN SPRINGER of Illinois, addressing the international reciprocity convention recently held at St. Paul, favored trade relations with Canada which include a free exchange of the products of the soil, the forest and the mines of the two countries, and of the fisheries of the Atlantic and on the inland waters. Also the free exchange of manufactured articles, the component parts of which have been produced in either country, in both countries. This is a move in the right direction, on the part of a prominent Democratic legislator. The reciprocity treaty with Canada, in 1854, did not benefit this country, because it did not include the free entry of manufactured articles from this country into the Dominion. There will be an opportunity now for Canada to meet the present administration half way in the greatest international undertaking of the century—if the present administration will take its cue from Mr. Springer. A new era of good feeling and profitable interchange of commodities would assuredly be the immediate result.

SIR RICHARD WEBSTER, for Great Britain, in his closing argument combated before the Behring Sea Tribunal of Arbitration the American regulations for the seal fisheries. He devoted particular attention to the proposal made by the United States to forbid pelagic sealing east of meridian one hundred and eighty degrees. Sir Richard, in the course of his argument, declared that seals were found throughout Behring Sea from Alaska to Asia. There was absolutely nothing to show that these seals were not Russian. Nursing seals, Sir Richard further said, did not leave the land to obtain food, and, consequently, they were never caught by pelagic hunters. At this point Lord Hannen, one of the British arbitrators, interposed with the remark that, although the male seals were able to fast during the breeding season, owing to their surplus fat, no evidence had been submitted to the tribunal to prove that female seals were able to live upon their surplus fat during the nursing season. This was rather a sharp turn for Sir Richard.

It has been reported that George Gould, Russell Sage and other American and Canadian capitalists have been trying to gain control of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Mr. Sage said to a reporter: "Mr. Gould and myself were approached by gentlemen interested with an offer to acquire and hold the control of the branch road, the Great Western, in order, apparently, to build up a competing road against the Canadian Pacific and the Michigan Central. We went over the proposition carefully, but while we were willing to complete in this way the line we are now finishing from Chicago to Detroit, and for which we have now all our terminals in Chicago, we declined to enter into any fight with the Canadian Pacific or the Central. The matter was not, however, given up. A lease of the Great Western may be the result of our consultation, and a new through line be added to those already in existence. The negotiations have not gone to the point of naming terms." President Ashley, of the Wabash Railroad, said that no negotiations were pending by his road for a lease of the Great Western. He said that for a long time the Wabash had been trying to secure a Canadian connection to the East.

LIEUTENANT ROBERT E. PEARY has written to C. B. Rhodes of Denver, asking him to secure and forward to him at Philadelphia at once from six to a dozen burros in prime condition, broken to pack. The explorer will try the experiment of using these animals to convey his supplies across the ice cap of Greenland. Lieutenant Peary, in his letter to Mr. Rhodes, says that he intends to utilize the burros not only as pack animals, but also as meat on the hoof for his dogs. As soon as the loads become reduced so that a burro can be dispensed with, he will be killed and fed to the dogs.

REPRESENTATIVES of a syndicate of Utah Mormons are in Wayne County, New York, to acquire the Mormon Hill, near Palmyra, where Joseph Smith, the founder of their sect, claimed to have discovered the golden plates and had the first Mormon Bible printed. If they can purchase it, they will erect a monument there in memory of Joseph Smith. Major Gilbert, who printed the first edition of Smith's Bible, accompanied the party on their pilgrimage to the Sacred Hill, which has been fenced in by the present owner, who charges an admission fee of twenty-five cents per head to visitors. It is contemplated to start a regular pilgrimage to Mormon Hill from the Western States this summer.



No. IV.

WHY is the traveled man so often such a social bore? Is it because he piques the vanity of the untraveled? Somehow, none of us want to hear any more about Japan and the Sudan and the Cape of Good Hope. We have read so much about them that they have grown tiresome to us except from the standpoint of personal observation. Who does not wish to pass through the sculptured archways of the Taj, and see with his own eyes in how lofty and almost imperishable a way that mighty Indian despot, dead centuries ago, commemorated his love for a princess who, as history tells us, was adorable no less for mental than physical charms? But to be told conversationally of this wondrous mausoleum is quite a different affair. We immediately say to ourselves: "Oh, well, all this can be read about in a score of books." Our interlocutor wounds in us a peculiar, latent nerve of vanity which we do not all acknowledge that we possess, yet which holds in our temperament its little secret lair of sensitiveness, notwithstanding. Witness how different it is when our companion has just returned from some place which we, too, have visited—say, San Francisco or London, Chicago or Paris. Then, at once, sympathy is engendered. There is mutual reciprocity. "Did you go there?" one of us asks. And "did you see that or this?" replies the other. But listening to mere copious monologue about places and peoples unknown, in this age of newspapers, magazines and books concerning every clime under the sun, wearies us even when we most strive to be interested. We would so much rather hear Jones or Smith tell us of the latest trifle in the way of his personal experience—how his butler got drunk last night and had to be discharged with the aid of a policeman—how his youngest-born terrified her fond mother at midnight with symptoms of croup—how his eldest son dismayed him by a demand for a latch-key—how he thought stocks would go to-morrow and what was his opinion as to how they had gone (yes, even that) for a week past. Anything, anything, we say to ourselves, rather than having to tug at our mustaches and murmur: "Indeed?" and "You don't say so!" and "How astonishing!" when the Traveled Bore unbosoms himself concerning the splendors and fascinations, the tediums and inconveniences, of lands that we have never seen, and that we never (Heaven help our poor, tormented pockets!) expect to see till our ship comes in to us, luxury-laden, from the Fortunate Isles. And, ah, that expected ship! How many an eye strains to see its lifted hull speck the misty offing, and how many an eye drops its lid forever in disappointment and despair!

We so often accept faultless English as the prerogative of famous writers. The ordinary struggler for repute is always fair game when it is any question with his critics of precarious or even reputable syntax. Woe to him if he make a slip, however slight! He may have toiled over some romance that he fondly trusts will take the town, and win from the *Daily Dynamo* at least two columns of analytic approval. What he generally gets nowadays is a paragraph of gelid tolerance, odiously aflame to him with the mention of some grammatical blunder which he would have sacrificed an ear not to commit. He curses himself as he reviews the stigmatized passage, and marvels by what hapless oversight he should have put such an easy weapon into the hands of his assailant. Then he thinks of his great, dead, classic predecessors. He may possibly forget that the English of Scott was more than once mercilessly pulled to pieces, and that the fame of Carlyle is founded on mutinous and vagabond rhetoric. But of such a master as Thackeray he can suspect no faintest misdeed. And yet, only the other day, I chanced to re-engage myself with the world-renowned pages of "Vanity Fair." One might believe that if the prose of any author could be found impeccable Thackeray's would stand this drastic test. But while skimming over Chapter XXXVIII. of his most celebrated novel I lighted upon two bits of English whose "bad grammar" might, in Thackeray's day, have secured for an Eton or Harrow school-boy the cruellest kind of caning. Thus runs the first of these deplorable sentences:

"Rawdon Crawley's conduct, on the other hand, who got but a hundred pounds, was such as to astonish his brother," etc.

The second sentence, quite as dissolute in structure, runs thus:

"For Mrs. Osborne herself (greatly to her mother's vexation, who preferred fine clothes, especially since her misfortunes) always wore a black gown," etc.

I could not help asking myself whether more such dire mistakes as these might not be found in text which ten minutes or so of rather lazy scrutiny had happened to discover. But one thing is certain: the authors now held in veneration by thousands (who either read them, skim them, or do not read them at all) team with instances of down-at-the-heel English, for which we scribblers of to-day would receive the severest odium. Even the great Macaulay, that potentate of purists, had his Homeric nods. "I will venture to say," he writes to his friend Napier, "that it is quite an even chance whether even such a man as Empson, or Senior, can repeat accurately the names of the Prime Ministers of that time in order." Macaulay was referring to the interval in English history between 1688 and the French Revolution. He, with his unparalleled memory and almost miraculous learning, could doubtless have rattled off that list of Prime Ministers with lightning speed, and my only reason for presuming to pick flaws in the familiar epistles of so sovereign a stylist, is that his

greatness as a writer never ordinarily appears to us in dishabille. Still (with all possible respect and veneration), I am tempted to quote another amusing instance of careless English in this great master of it—an instance made all the more amusing by his talented nephew and biographer, Sir George Trevelyan. When Macaulay traveled on the Continent in 1838 he wrote, as all his admirers know, most delightfully of his trip. He describes his impressions of Genoa in strong and terse diction, ending them with—"In this way I passed the day, greatly excited and delighted."

Although I have italicized certain words in this sentence, it is one that might easily pass muster, and especially when we remember that it was written in haste. But Sir George Trevelyan, after transcribing it, criticizes it as the "only jingling sentence" which his illustrious uncle "ever left unblotted." Our attention is thus drawn toward a "jingling" quality, which otherwise we might have left unnoticed. So far, so good. Even the great Macaulay, we say to ourselves, could sometimes write slipshod English. But lo, at the end of the same page, in his charming quoted recollections of Pisa, we are called upon to mourn over a sentence quite as "jingling" as the one to which his ill-advised devotee has just directed our attention:

"The monuments of Pisa all lie together. . . still kept in the most perfect preservation, and evidently matters of admiration and of pride to the whole population!!!"

The truth is, a good deal of extremely correct and careful English is written by authors of prominence and repute at the present day. It is beyond question, too, that such authors get far less credit for adherence to good models than their patient fidelity deserves. Perhaps it is a fidelity sometimes too patient, and perhaps these writers do not often enough seek to be inventors and innovators. Ought they not to remember that they, and they alone, can re-feed and re-vitalize the more or less exhausted energies of their native tongue? I do not mean that they should give passports to swaggering and guerilla-like words which would fain cross the borderland of accepted usage. But to coin new words by legitimate etymological and philological processes can only result in one way. The language becomes amplified, enriched and even ennobled by these worthy and scholarly immigrations. Give us, by all means, new, powerful and needed words. In certain departments our language is exceedingly poor; in others almost over-opulently rich. Authors should by no means shrink from the breaking of new verbal ground, if they only will consent to do so with a liberalism tastefully tempered by conservative tenets.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

LET CLAUS MARRY THEM OFF.

FRANCE has just pensioned off King Behanzin of Dahomey, which is cheaper than fighting him and more in the king's line than fighting the French with modern improved rifles, which the French have handled successfully and Behanzin has not. Now, this country is likely to have trouble in Hawaii over the question of "settling" either Queen Liliuokalani or the Princess Kaiulani, who is Scotch on her father's side, and will probably insist on her hereditary rights in the Sandwiches. Claus Spreckels, sugar dealer of Honolulu, San Francisco and Philadelphia, has assured Queen Liliuokalani that the monarchy, which is herself, cannot be restored. The queen replied that she would advise her people to keep quiet. Commissioner Blount, who was sent by President Cleveland to the islands for the express purpose of keeping our State Department posted on Hawaiian actualities and possibilities, has not made a report as yet; but the best unofficial advice is to the effect that Blount is not as much in favor of pensioning off the queen and her daughter as Spreckels is. There is sugar in the scheme for Spreckels, and only a diplomatic chestnut for Blount, who will probably not burn his fingers if he can help it. Now that he has resigned, we may safely count him out of the present complication, anyhow.

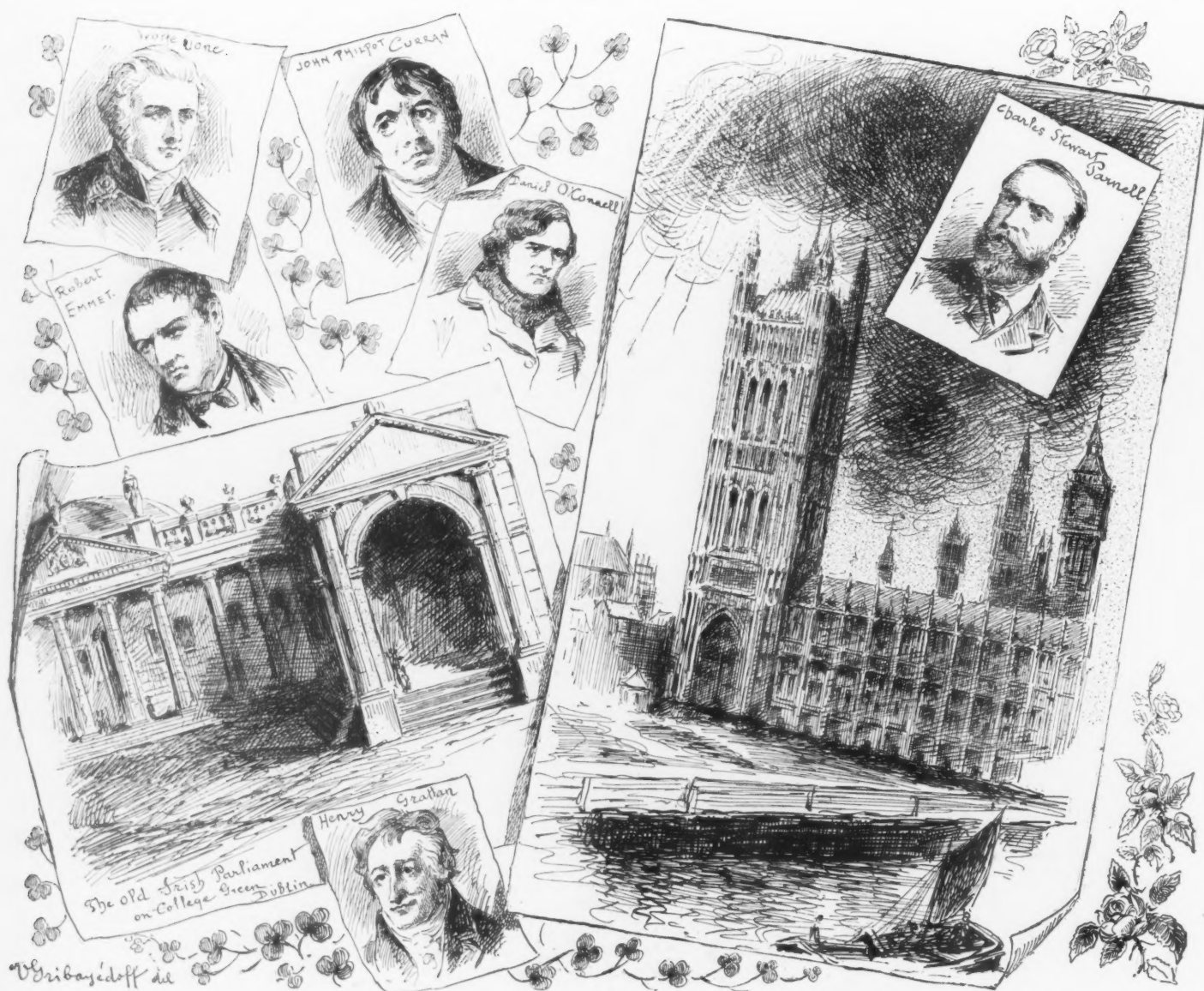
But these minor details are neither here nor there, in the main issue. Hawaii would not be a bad island to have in a scarce year of sugar cane down South, or in the event of a tight squeeze by the Sugar Trust. But it is scarcely worth fighting for, seeing it is a woman, especially. Furthermore, we have probably as many toughs at home as we can handle in the Columbian Year; and from all accounts many of Queen Liliuokalani's people would only make matters worse. No; we do not want Hawaii at all.

But there is a way out of the difficulty—with honor. Behanzin is in the hands of France. His time is not very valuable now. France is a friendly power, a sister republic. Mr. Claus Spreckels would certainly be willing to do much toward getting hold of the islands. Let him pay the queen and her daughter a good round sum, the continuance of which shall depend upon Princess Kaiulani's acceptance of the hand of Behanzin, whom France will be only too glad to unload on the Sugar King, pension and all—anything to get the young warrior out of the Dark Continent.

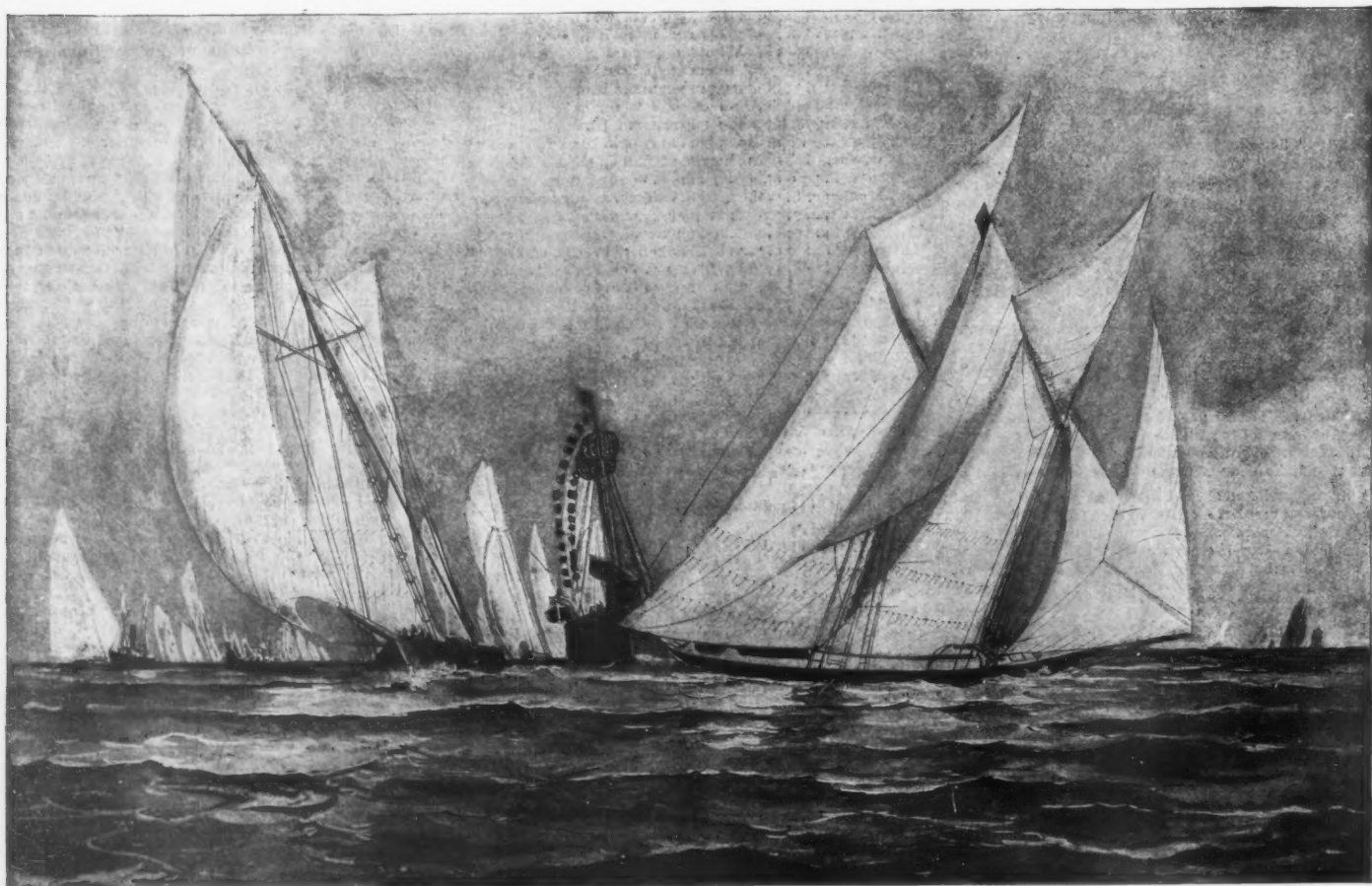
In the meantime, the Scotch husband and father, Queen Liliuokalani and Princess Kaiulani will have gained over their people to the side of Spreckels. The marriage will end in peace all round; Claus Spreckels will make money in spite of the Sugar Trust, and Commissioner Blount may bring the flag home. If the young couple care to play at royalty, the Sugar King may give them a job at light work and bossing on one of his plantations.

It is believed in Paris that President Carnot's condition is much more serious than was at first reported. M. Carnot is said to be suffering from an intestinal stoppage.

The Court of Cassation, the highest French court of errors and appeals, has decided that Count Ferdinand de Lesseps and the other Panama officials were wrongly convicted, and those who were in prison have accordingly been set at liberty.



RECOLLECTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS OF HOME RULE.—(See page 15.)



REGATTA OF NEW YORK YACHT CLUB—ROUNDING THE LIGHTSHIP.



COLONEL FRED GRANT, OUR LATE ENVOY TO VIENNA, AND FAMILY.

"I WILL be pleased to see you at any time," was the message sent to me by Colonel Fred Grant a few weeks ago, while I was in Vienna. He was still our diplomatic representative at the court of Vienna, and maintained the American Legation in one of the swellest parts of the Austrian capital in a district "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife."

Colonel Fred strongly resembles his famous parent in stature, speech, manners, and even in facial expressions. It is difficult, indeed, to find any difference between the gentleman before me and the picture of his father hanging over the mantelpiece, between the late Mr. Blaine to the right and ex-Vice-President Morton to the left, with the Stars and Stripes—an old and faded battle flag—hung over them. The colonel, like his father, is broad-shouldered, full-chested and straight as an arrow. Hair and beard are gradually turning gray, and there is also the deep crease diagonally across his forehead, much as in the general's picture. Colonel Grant wears a Prince Albert coat closely buttoned, and paces to and fro while talking—a habit also characteristic of his father. He loves a good

cigar, and while enjoying the Havana moves about with hands thrust into his trousers pockets. His private office is barren of luxury—a plain sofa, a few chairs and a roller-top desk full of papers give it an air of smart business and little fun.

"Colonel," I began, "how do you get on? Tell me, please, how do you like Vienna? Have you anything of interest to say?"

"I hardly know what to say, nor do I know anything that would interest the average reader. As you see, we live quietly, attending to the duties which are far more onerous than the average layman suspects. I daresay you are familiar with the status of our representatives abroad," he went on, *sans cérémonie*. "We are the envoys of a democratic country, and although co-equal with the greatest, we have but little interest in European political schemes and plans. Our happy geographical position relieves us from any political entanglements, and such as do appear even on the surface of our tranquil diplomacy are seldom, if ever, of our seeking. We desire chiefly to protect our citizens abroad—cultivate agreeable

relations with our neighbors and friends, and profit by anything good and superior we may find in the older countries. Beyond this I devote myself to society, which can nowhere be more agreeable than in this country."

"We have a truly paternal rendezvous at the Grants," remarked to me a member of the American-British Society of Physicians of Vienna. "They keep open house and a sympathetic ear for every one, and it is one of our unusual treats to attend a reception at the refined and hospitable home of the American Minister."

In season almost every other week the chain of parlors in the American Legation, tastefully arranged with tropical plants and fragrant flowers, resounds with the merry laugh of the American youth in the colony, and forms a picture of elegance and jollity such as the Grants alone are able to offer. Under the mellow shades of electric lights, artistically arranged, choice bric-a-brac and rare paintings are scattered about *avec abandon*. On a table are a pair of cutlasses brought from India during the late general's trip around the world. There are many relics—gifts from India's princes to his famous parent. In

the corner of the center room, facing as you enter, is a crayon drawing in a walnut frame. It represents a heavy draught-horse in harness, leisurely chewing grass, and the driver leaning against a large tree in the background. "This," remarks the colonel, "was drawn by my father in the woods, on the spot. I have several more specimens of his amateur work," he continues; "of course I would not part with it at any price."

Pretty soon coffee is served, and the visitors lounge about in cozy fauteuils and divans in the lofty drawing-rooms. The heavy carpets and rugs were brought from the United States, and the paintings are evidences of rare judgment and artistic taste. While toying with the tiny cup of mocha, Mrs. Grant called my attention to a large selection of crayon drawings, the recent work of her daughter.

My interest increased as page after page revealed productions of more than juvenile merit. Miss Grant draws with a freehand, positive movement, and on distinct lines. She possesses a clear mind, well-formulated ideas, tending in a well-defined direction. Like most devotees, she pursues the study with unabated enthusiasm, and is happily supported by her parents. Her teachers predict a high standard for her work, and the granddaughter of our great general may add another page to the illustrious history of the Grant family.

The boy, too, seems to possess a turn for military matters. I was not a little amused to hear his opinion on the several armies of Europe. Of the Germans and Austrians he speaks in highest terms. The latter, he thinks, use soap freely, and most always appear clean and neat in spite of their trousers, which are baggy and too long. The Turkish army, however, he considers a lot of cowboys with duds for officers. This is the most striking and concise opinion I have ever heard, and knowing, as I do, the Turks, I was not a little amused to hear this fetching criticism from the lips of a lad scarce fourteen years of age.

In high official circles I learn of Austria's admiration for the illustrious name of Grant. Nearly every one here recollects the old general and his remarkable deeds, and this, I may say, has made the colonel one of the most acceptable of diplomatic representatives we have ever sent to this court. The most illustrious families, including the Lichtensteins—a line of princes—court his society, and the Emperor himself, as a rule a great stickler for diplomatic etiquette, has frequently invited Colonel and Mrs. Grant to dine with him *en famille*, an honor which has not been accorded our late Minister by the court of Berlin.

C. FRANK DEWEY.

THE RESULT OF OUR PRIZE COMPETITION.

We have pleasure in making known at last the result of the Word Contest in which so many of our readers have taken an active interest. The winner of the prize is Mrs. B. A. Ryan of Washington, D. C., whose portrait we give on page 12, with portraits of the three next most successful competitors. Mrs. Ryan selected the word "Trachelomastoides," and from it formed 9,114 words, all to be found in the *Century Dictionary* and other standard works. The list was neatly arranged in triple columns on ruled note paper and in alphabetical order. In bulk, it was about the size of an ordinary novel. To verify such a formidable array of words was no light task, but the work was nevertheless most carefully executed, 129 words being ruled out on revision, leaving a remainder of 8,985, the highest number reached by any competitor.

As previously announced, lists that arrived after May 20 were not examined, though some of them were even longer than the prize-winner's, one containing as many as 17,000 words.

While regretting that so much industry should go unrewarded, we were not justified in breaking the rules of the contest in favor of the dilatory ones.

The lists which came nearest in length to the winning one were sent in by M. Odland, Vermilion, S. D.; Raymond Empson, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.; Frank L. O'Brien, Pawtucketville, Lowell, Mass.; Mr. George A. Cook, New Haven, Conn.; John Greene, Jr., Washington, D. C.; Miss M. J. Reynolds, Sandusky, Ohio; Grace Gopen, Normal, Ill.; Evangeline Graessle, San José, Cal., and Mrs. Lester Reed, Manhattan, Kan.

The remaining lists varied in length all the way up from ten and twenty words to the hundreds and thousands. Many of them were accompanied by kind letters which we thankfully appreciated. Some of the candidates, overconfident of success, boldly demanded the prize. Others more modestly expressed a hope that they might obtain it, and a few very sensibly assured us that, whether successful or not, they had enjoyed the exercise and found it extremely profitable.

One very pretty letter was from a little boy who wrote that he wanted Thackeray for a present for his mamma, who was very fond of books.

There was a great variety of words selected from which to make lists. "Constantinople" was the favorite word. "Disproportionableness" and "Congregationalism" also headed a good many lists. The work of the various competitors was, on the whole, prepared with industry and neatness, many of the lists being typewritten.

We congratulate Mrs. Ryan on her well-earned success, and will have much pleasure in immediately forwarding to her address the promised set of Thackeray's works.

REPRESENTATIVE WILSON, a prominent Democratic leader, believes a compromise will be effected by which the Democratic Congress will consent to the repeal of the Sherman Law.

1 CURE DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION

and Chronic Nervous diseases. Dr. Shoop's Restorative, the great Nerve Tonic, by a newly discovered principle, also cures stomach, liver and kidney diseases, through the nerves that govern these organs. Book and samples free for 2 ct. stamp.

DR. SHOOP, Box E, Racine, Wis.



THE topic of the hour last week was the case of assault and battery by a man known all about town and concerning which the daily papers have sufficiently dilated. Whatever were the circumstances and whether or not the circumstances were extenuating, the whole affair is lamentable in its lack of fin-de-siècle-ism. The world has moved with such velocity during the past thirteen years and has got such steam on for the coming seven that nobody except old people who live in the country have time to take themselves seriously. The man who does is a bore. He is worse—he is guilty of bad taste; and as the writer has noted in an earlier issue of this paper, surely and certainly as night follows the day bad taste leads to crime. If it be your desire to turn an acquaintance into a foe, a very good way is to do him a favor; but a better one still is to enter into minute particulars concerning the state of your health. It is the *I* which distresses, a French thinker said, and if you don't believe him, play the comedy the next chance you have of speaking of your own interests to ordinary acquaintances. Yes, do that, and then mark how quickly feigned attention is followed by indifference, then by weariness, until every one has found a pretext for leaving you to yourself. But do you wish to group about you the sympathies of all, to be considered charming and agreeable, talk to the other fellow about himself, talk to everybody about nothing else than themselves, and you will be smiled on, thought well of and praised when you are gone.

To play this comedy as it should be played presupposes on your part a full understanding and appreciation of that lack of seriousness which is the characteristic of the epoch in which we live, an epoch which has made such a thing as hatred seem mediæval, and is doing its best, or its worst, to relegate love to the dictionary. And after all, when a man gets alone face to face with the universe he is, if he have any sense, not apt to consider himself very big, or to consider that his own likes, his dislikes, his hatreds, loves or contempts are of much importance to the community at large, or even to himself. A hundred years hence, fifty even, a decade for that matter, six months perchance, and the thing which concerned us so nearly to-day has lost its interest forever. To hate, then, and because you hate, to fight, is not only unphilosophical, it is a return to that primitive state from which civilization is doing its best to raise us. Besides, a blow is not an argument. Invective never propitiates. If you have an enemy for whose gore you thirst you can quench it far more readily by making him ridiculous than you can by making him black and blue. The pen is mightier than the brickbat, and an epigram deadlier than the caracalla of the Borgias or the essences of Locuste.

By all of which, however, the writer does not mean for a second to insinuate that there are not plenty of people who deserve to be kicked, and, what is more, who know it. Apropos to which a quaint little tale is current. One fine day a gentleman set forth in search of gore. He had been maligned, or thought he had, and he earnestly desired revenge. Presently, before him on the avenue, he saw his traducer's back. Hastening his step, that back he kicked and then assumed the defensive, expecting, of course, a reply. But the traducer kept on the uneven tenor of his way, the kick apparently unnoticed. Promptly he got kicked again. The result was the same. Then a third kick came, and though he swerved a little, still he did not even turn to look. Thereat the kicker cogitated. Traducers he knew to be cowards, but this particular traducer was, he was aware, a man who could assume a bravery though he had it not. As a consequence, the unanswerable acceptance of those three kicks perplexed him. Surely he must have felt them, and, on feeling them, why did he not turn to retaliate? There being no possible solution of this except from the traducer himself, the kicker hurried after that person, passed him, turned and stood open-mouthed with surprise. The man whom he had so viciously assaulted was a man whom he had never seen before.

"Really, sir," he stammered, "I don't know how to apologize. In kicking you as I have I took you for a lying cad. Why did you not stop me? Did you not feel the point of my boot?"

"Indeed," answered the kicked, with great civility, "indeed, sir, I may assure you that I was fully aware of the manifestation, but not at all of the mistake."

Speaking of which one of the leading dailies is asking its readers for points on what a gentleman is. The readers seem well enough equipped with phrases, but not so well supplied with facts. In English law a gentleman is one accounted such, who does no labor and who has studied the laws of the realm. According to our good friend, the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, a gentleman must have three generations in oil—daguerreotypes won't do. Cardinal Manning defines a gentleman as one who never injures the feelings of another—a definition which won't suit America where a man's feelings are in his pocket, and where business means the transference of the contents from one pocket to another, but very admirably suits a civilization made up of tradesmen and gentry.

A Parisian expert would tell you that a gentleman was one who never did anything too well—superiority in anything being held as an attribute of the professional—a definition which would, of course, bar out Paderewski and Mr. McAllister, and which for that reason is manifestly absurd. In certain circles a gentleman is recognized on sight by his clothes; in others, by his manners, and even by his absence of them. In former times he had a badge—a sword. Nowadays, unless you can cut out his heart and dissect it, the few distinguishing marks are his voice,

his honor, his courtesy and his inability to see or hear anything which was not intended for him.

In addition, it may be safely asserted that to be a gentleman a man must be charitable. As altruism is the egotism of great natures, so are charity, indulgence and compassion among the characteristics of the refined. A notable example of this occurred during the taste of Siberia which the winter afforded us. Half a dozen well-known men were grouped about a fire in a well-known club. The subject of the miseries which the poor endure in cold weather came up, and one gentleman announced his intention of sending a large-sized check to a relief society which had just then been organized. But another objected to indiscriminate almsgiving. According to him, anything of that sort should be done in person, and the recipients should be known to the giver as being deserving in every way.

"Yes," chimed in a third. "I quite agree with you. I did a little of that kind of thing myself to-day. I happened to know a poor and deserving fellow, and I just went into a shop and got him as good and warm a coat as I could buy."

Then, rising from his seat, he turned slowly around, and, from over his shoulder, added:

"And how do you think it fits?"

Talking of clubs, the Lambs', after a prolonged struggle with debt, death and disaster, got by a heroic effort a few bags of coin together and last week marched into a brand-new house where they at once gave one of those gambols for which they were famous in days gone by. It was a gala night. The Lambs, as you know, are mainly actors, but their guests on this occasion comprised playwrights, managers, poets, and men about town. There was feasting and merriment, jest and song, and by midnight the entire assembly could not have been on better terms with each other had they one and all been jilted by the same woman.

It was at that hour that one of the poets for the first time that evening was heard to speak.

"I say!" he cried across the table to one of the most noted of our theatrical managers, "I have written a dramatic poem of thirty thousand verses. What do you say to that?"

The manager looked into his glass.

"What do I say?" he drawled. "I say it would take fifteen thousand able-bodied men to read it."

A Western, and perhaps unvarnished, correspondent of one of our great papers has wired in a rumor of an approaching uprising among what used to be called a frontier tribe. Should the rumor prove correct, the young gentlemen who are now being graduated from the different universities would find out there far more fun and far more real life, too, than they ever got out of the campus. They would have a chance, which their children won't, of seeing a race that is doomed, and they would also enjoy an opportunity for which the next generation may sigh in vain—to fight for their country's sake. But before starting, a word of advice. In warfare of this kind a telescope may be more useful than a gun. Indians are notoriously tricky, and it is better to see them before they can see you, for he who sees and runs away may live to see another day.

Edgar Salter

THE CITY OF DREADFUL DIRT.

After (some way after) Thomson's "The City of Dreadful Night."

I.

Look at the crowd as it thickens and swells, at the men and women traversing the street,
Complacently jostling and twisting and dodging and turning at what and whoever they meet.
There's a mixture of classes, the townsman and stranger, and of sexes bedrabbled in footgear and skirt;
'Tis a serious matter to cross, or retreat, and get stuck in this city of terrible dirt.

II.

Look now on the litter and mud, the rank filth, and the varied garbage a hundred days old—
It is useless to talk or to print, or to write in the papers a furious screed, or to scold.
You have done it, good folks, undisputed; you have piled up in papers long columns of Saxon-built prose
In objection. And what you have suffered (no less when the ink was well dried) the world knows.

III.

You have been taxed and re-taxed, and have waited to see what the millions unstinted and wrung out would do,
And still your long streets remain filthy, with no decent prospect for walking or travel in view.
Each one of you looks at the other, while your augurs quite Roman meet and smile at your infamous hurt;
Though now you have got a new law and new pledges for cleansing this city of terrible dirt.

IV.

One would think your wise Solons, who revel in spending your taxes and keeping snug millions for use,
Would know that a city well cleaned would condone, for their help, every other gigantic abuse;
And, if wise, they would struggle to win, by clean pathways, the public more ready to doze than to rout,
And so save a great cyclone, some furious day of election, from sweeping them bodily out.

V.

There's fresh law. But who thinks it alone, with the uniform put on the men who must handle the broom,
Will clean out these Augean heaps, and relieve you from dust and from dirt and the old-time perennial doom?
Let us hope it soon may. But, if not—then, citizens, rise and declare that, no matter who's hurt,
This great people who live on Manhattan no longer will waste through, permit, or surrender to dirt! JOEL BENTON.

Take Bromo-Seltzer for insomnia
Before retiring—Trial bottle, 10 cts.

There is an apparent discrepancy at this point.

The pages are either missing or the pagination is incorrect.

The filming is recorded as the book is found in the collections.

BEN.

THE STORY OF A DREAM.



In the heart of the Sierra Nevada Mountains is still standing, or was a year ago, the remains of an old log cabin.

When last visited its walls had rotted away in places, the stone hearth and its rough iron crane were still there, but cold and lifeless; the clay chimney had long since fallen upon the roof and been washed away by the rain.

But, forty-three years ago to-night (Feb. 13, 1893), the logs composing its sides, although rough and unplanned, were in good order; the clay chimney stood up-

right, and through the chinks between the logs a ruddy light shone. The snow was still lying in patches upon the ground round about the cabin, although none had fallen for a full week, while up the steep mountain path the trail wound like a black snake over the whiteness on either side.

Inside the cabin all was as snug as the homely means at hand could make it. A huge fire of oak logs occupied one end of the only room the cabin contained, and which served as parlor, kitchen, dining-room and bedroom combined. Over the fire was suspended, on an iron crane, a rusty pot, in which something was boiling, sending forth the rich aroma of onions, pepper, bacon and other compounds.

The blaze lighted up the whole room, running into every nook and cranny, and dancing over the rough logs in fantastic shapes. The miner's fire was his one cheap luxury in "the days of '49," when wood was to be had for the hewing, and he could be warm if he never "struck it rich."

A young man in the rough garb of a miner knelt before the hearth, holding a rasher of bacon over the few coals he had raked out on the stones. An eager and interested spectator of these preparations for supper was the faithful companion of all his wanderings, his dog "Ben."

Harry Brandt had been in the mines of Nevada County for two years, yet had not found the fortune he had crossed the seas to seek. With the exception of a few spurts, he had been one of many more unfortunates. Still he lingered in the hope of "striking it rich" some day.

To-night was the eve of St. Valentine, and our hero was a bit homesick, to dissipate which weakness he talked to the dog, he listening as though he understood every word he uttered (and I have no doubt that he did).

"Sorry a Valentine we'll get, old man. The saint has forsaken this end of creation." The dog looked knowing, and gave his tail a gentle tap on the floor. "Smells good, doesn't it, boy?" removing the lid of the swinging pot and peering into it, then stirring the contents with a long-handled iron spoon.

After satisfying himself that the stew was sufficiently cooked, he dipped out a generous portion of it into a tin dish, and set it out on the snow to cool for Ben, who lay down at a little distance and watched it patiently. His own meal was then dished up and set upon one end of the pine table, sans tablecloth, and our hero sat down on a bench before it and "fell to" without removing the large slouch hat he wore. (It is doubtful if this hat did not sometimes accompany him to bed.)

Before, however, settling down to his own meal, he went out and brought in Ben's dinner from the snow, and placed it on the floor beside him. These two had not eaten a meal apart since they met, the first day Brandt set foot in California, and dinner would not seem like dinner to either one without the presence of the other.

"If ever I do strike it rich, old man, it'll mean a big blow-out for your royal highness. Sabe?" The dog wagged his tail and winked one eye knowingly. Presently Brandt took from his bosom a soiled paper package, and carefully unrolling it, revealed to the watchful eyes of Ben a small lump of gold. "It's all that's left us, old man," he said; then with sudden facetiousness, he held it to the dog's nose, saying: "Seek him!"

The setter was alert in an instant, and smelling all over the small specimen, carefully and understandingly, rushed out of the cabin, and deaf to all whistling and commands of his master, disappeared in the darkness.

"Well, I'll be switched!" ejaculated the young fellow, coming back after a fruitless search in the vicinity of the cabin, "who would have thought he would take a fellow at his word, in that manner?" After the moon rose, lighting the mountain-side for a long distance, he went to the door more than once to look out, but neither hide nor hair of the dog could be seen, and he returned to the fire, more disconsolate and miserable than ever.

During the evening the door was pushed open, to admit the form of a typical miner of those days. He wore a red flannel shirt, tucked into a pair of corduroy pantaloons, the legs of which were in their turn tucked into the tops of great cowhide boots. An old slouch hat covered his long, unkempt hair. In the band of which hat was stuck a short-stemmed clay pipe.

Ceremony was an unknown quantity in those days; instead of every man's house being his castle, it was anybody's who chose to appropriate it. This strange figure clumped forward in his cowhide boots, and with a sidelong glance and nod, and a short "evenin', pard," settled himself on the bench in the chimney corner. Removing the pipe from his hat, he produced a great horn-handled knife and a hunk of tobacco. Settling the chunk of tobacco in the hollow of his left hand, he pared off a goodly portion, and after scraping out the bowl of his pipe, pressed the wad down into it and smoothed it off

with the forefinger. A "brand from the burning," aided by a long-drawn breath from the miner's lungs, served to set the tobacco aglow, and he settled down to the enjoyment of his pipe and the contemplation of the fire, which licked up the rings of smoke made by the vile-smelling weed and whirled them far up the chimney.

"Where's the dawg, pardner?" he asked, presently, missing a familiar presence. Brandt related the circumstances of the dog's sudden departure, to which the more superstitious, because more ignorant, man listened in awe.

"There's all ner human in thet dawg's brains, pard. Yer ken bet yer last ounce er dust en thet," he replied, shaking his head from side to side in a solemn manner, after which he subsided into silence.

His pipe smoked out, he arose, and, after knocking out the ashes and again sticking it into the band of his hat, he slouched out, with as much ceremony as he had displayed in coming.

Brandt still sat by the fire. He had no heart to go to bed and leave Ben outside. But, after many fruitless journeys to the door and back again, he threw himself on the bed all dressed as he was and went to sleep. The sun streaming across his face the next morning awoke him, and he sprang up with a vague hope at his heart. But Ben was not there. He whistled loud and long, but no Ben responded to the familiar call, and he shouldered his pick and shovel for his daily tramp up the trail to his "lead" with a heavy heart. No faithful friend trotted before him this morning, looking back, ever and anon, for a word of kindness from his master.

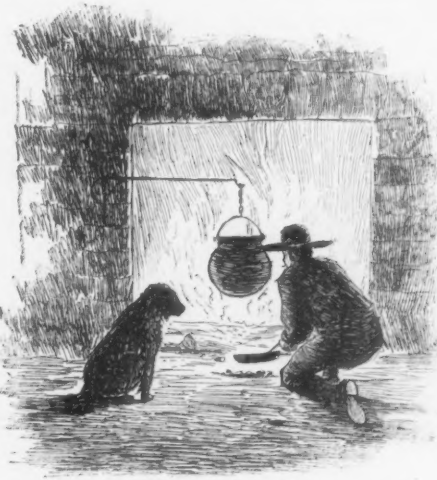
It was a long, lonesome day, and resulted, as all the previous days had resulted, in failure. He could not eat his supper, but sat by the fire moody and heartsick. In this frame of mind he fell, first into waking, then to sleep and actual dreams.

He thought that the latch was lifted, and the dark, athletic form of an Indian came noiselessly to the fire and stood looking down at him. He was wrapped in the folds of a long gray blanket, the corner of which he had drawn over his head. He did not utter a word, but stood silently looking down at our hero.

As Brandt looked up into the dark face, fascinated by the fixed gaze of those penetrating eyes, it seemed to undergo a change. The nose elongated; the long, coarse hair on either side the head grew curling and glossy, and assumed the shape of ears; the face itself became covered with a growth of short, dark hair; the eyes lost their fixed stare and became almost human. He had almost exclaimed, "It is Ben," when his visitor suddenly dropped on all fours and trotted toward the door. Impelled by what force he knew not, Brandt arose and followed after. Out in the moonlight he saw that the blanket the Indian wore was the old flannel shirt he had thrown down some time ago for Ben's bed. His strange guide bounded forward straight up the mountain path, and it seemed to Brandt that he followed after with incredible speed. The direction they took was over the same trail he had so often trod in the past two years; but the rapid figure ahead did not halt at the "shaft," but kept straight on. Some twenty rods further he turned and doubled on his track. This maneuver he repeated several times, then went ahead again, Brandt following. Now the path was crooked and uneven; now darting straight up the side of the mountain, then plunging as abruptly down again. In this manner they followed a course that took them through unbroken patches of trees and over ground quite unfamiliar to Brandt.

Suddenly, with the strange second sight of dreams, he realized that the dark splashes on the snow ahead of him were blood; and even in his dream, his own blood ran cold.

At this juncture the form ahead of him suddenly stopped short, and Brandt, who was but a few paces behind, pulled up, just in time to avoid "stepping into a dark, cavernous hole that yawned at his feet, and all about the margin the snow was splashed with the dark



PREPARING SUPPER.

red blood, while up from the cavern at his feet issued a faint groan.

A cold shiver passed over his frame, the real cold of the snow and night air, and the feeling of returning consciousness. He rubbed his eyes and looked about him; he really stood on the mountain-side, and not far from home. He could see his cabin at a little distance. But he was on the opposite side of the mountain from his claim. He must have gone clear around it in his dream. But how did he come there at dead of night, and by what unseen hand led?

He was not a coward. A life in the mines of California in those days did not tend to lessen a man's courage; but a feeling not unlike the crawling of a slimy snake down his spine crept over him when he looked about and found everything exactly as he had seen it in his dream. There was the pathway by which he had come, and on that pathway were horrors! The patches of dark red blood!

"God!" The ejaculation escaped his lips involuntarily. At his feet yawned the dark cavern of his dreams, and again, as then, he heard the faint groan. Conquering an impulse to put distance between that dark hole and himself, he stood still and listened. The groan was repeated. No! not a groan—a whine. The truth came to him like a flash. "It is Ben!"

That thought dispelled all lesser ideas, and lying down in the snow, he peered into the hole, calling: "Ben, dear boy, are you there?" A glad whine, a soft tap of his tail responded.

"Good boy, be patient, I'll get you out," and he darted down the side of the mountain, taking the shortest cut to his cabin, regardless of the fact that his feet might at any moment run into some overgrown shaft. It was but a simple task to gather up a blanket from his bed, a strong



FINDING THE NUGGET OF GOLD.

rope, his pick and shovel and a dark lantern, and hurry back to the spot where he had left the dog.

Climbing down into the shaft, he found that it was not deep, and the entrance to a tunnel, half-way inside of which Ben lay. A hasty examination of the dog showed that the wound consisted of a pretty badly lacerated shoulder, probably being the result of running against something sharp on his way to the mine. This accounted for the blood on the snow; and after losing considerable blood, the dog was unable to get out of the shaft, and in some occult manner, this fact was communicated to his master.

Brandt did not waste time upon speculations as to the cause of his dog's condition, but quickly bound up the shoulder in strips of rags which he had brought for that purpose. The dog submitted to this operation with his usual good sense and fortitude, but when his master attempted to move him, he resisted with all his might. Finding resistance in vain, he struggled to his feet, and looking up into his master's face, with the well-understood look of intelligence Brandt had so often seen there, he pressed his nose down to the spot upon which he had lain.

Brandt put his lantern down close to the ground, and examined it carefully. In spite of his wounded shoulder, Ben wriggled about in the fashion dogs have of showing their satisfaction. A smothered ejaculation broke from the young man. He had put his lantern close down to a nugget of gold as large as his fist. Ben licked his master's hand, and wriggled almost out of his skin in his delight.

Brandt tied up the nugget in the corner of the blanket, and looked about for more. Every blow of his pick yielded a piece of earth rich with the precious metal.

The young fellow, disappointed for so long, and now seeing his best hopes more than realized, felt his brain reeling, and had to put his head up out of the shaft for air, in order to regain his senses, which he felt were fast deserting him. Then he sat down on the ground, and putting his arms about the neck of the faithful animal, burst into tears. Ben sat upright, like a martyr, bearing the added pain that the weight of his master's arms about his neck inflicted without a murmur.

"You've won your spurs to-night, old fellow, and you shall wear them, or I'm a duffer!" he cried, when he had recovered his equilibrium and dog and master were on their way to the cabin.

Without a word to the other miners, Brandt worked his claim, until he had satisfied himself that it was really a "find" and not merely a "pocket," as so many leads proved to be in those days of suddenly realized fortunes and as sudden disappointments. Then he staked it off and posted the accustomed notices of warning to trespassers.

A visit to Nevada City was next in order to have his "property" duly recorded. Moneyed speculators in San Francisco got wind of the mine, and paid it a visit, the result of which was the exchange of all his right and title for the snug sum of five hundred thousand dollars, which in those days was considered a bigger "pile" than as many million would in these days of railroad and oil kings.

The very next ship that sailed, out ward bound, through the Golden Gate, bore as "cabin passengers" Harry Brandt and his dog Ben, the latter in the proud possession of a brand new collar, the finest that could be produced, in those days, by San Francisco silversmiths.

"It's a pity you're not a man, old fellow," said Harry, in answer to the happy dog's look of adoration as they stood at the stern of the vessel and looked back at California receding from sight. "It's a thousand pities you're not a man. It's a darned shame to let that marvelous brain go to waste. It would make your fortune on Wall Street."

Ben looked sagacious and wagged his tail. Perhaps, in the solitude of his own thoughts, he decided that he preferred being a dog to becoming a "hull" or a "bear"; and truly but few of the latter could boast so clean and generous a record in their manipulations as our hero Ben.

ELLA FERRE.



MR. CARROLL'S NEW YACHT "NAVAHOE."—(SEE PAGE 14.)

THE Federal Treasury gold reserve is being built up by the money deposited in New York in exchange for currency orders from the Central and Western States.

AN earthen jug, ornamented with mythological relief figures and malacca, formerly the property of Shakespeare and by him bequeathed to his sister Joan, was sold at auction in London the other day by Christies, Manson & Woods for nine hundred dollars.

ALBERT VON GELDER, the young son of Count Willen von Gelder, a nobleman of high rank in Amsterdam, Holland, was arrested at Chicago last week, charged with stealing fifteen hundred dollars' worth of diamonds. The young man learned the trade of a diamond-cutter, and was the expert in charge of Herr Rosenthal, who has a large exhibit of gems in the Manufacturers' Building, Austrian section. He confessed, when arrested, that he had stolen fifteen hundred dollars' worth of gems, and had sold them outright at a pawnshop on Madison Street, where they were recovered.



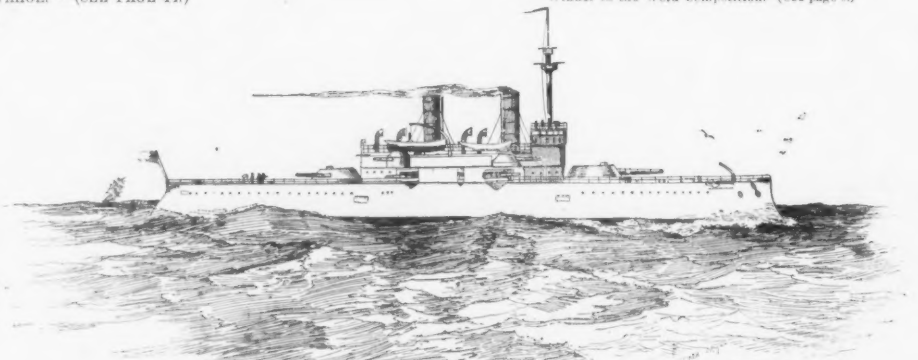
M. ODLAND.



GEO. A. COOK.



FRANK L. O'BRIEN.

MRS. B. A. RYAN,
Winner in the Word Competition.—(See page 6.)

THE UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP "MASSACHUSETTS."

"RAILROAD JACK," the dog made famous by his trips over the railroad, died on the 13th inst. He had been sick for a week, and on the morning of his death had walked out to the baggage-room door, taken a farewell look at the depot yard and the ever coming and going trains he was to board no more, turned sadly back to his bed, staggered, and fell. A few gasps and all was over.



(See page 14.)



POOR "RAILROAD JACK," THE FAMOUS DOG-TRAVELER.

"Railroad Jack's" last public appearance was in the Columbus celebration in this city, when, in the night parade, he had a special float all to himself. Jack attended the inauguration of President Cleveland in March, and many of his friends think that the strain was too much for his system, already weakened by age. As the dog who has traveled from Maine to California and from Montreal to the Gulf, he will be long remembered.



A GROUP OF REMARKABLE RESEMBLANCES.

HAIRDRESSING IN JAPAN.

A WRITER in the London *Queen*, who evidently knows all about it, has been holding forth at length on the subject of Japanese fashions of dressing the hair. Japanese women, he tells us, pay considerable attention to the treatment of the hair as well as to the style of dressing it. Personal daintiness is a mark of distinction among our Eastern sisters, the head-dress particularly being regarded as an indication of the social scale, age and condition of the wearer. Being of such significance, it is no wonder that much care and thought are expended on it, and that a neglected coiffure is a subject of reproach to a careless maid or matron.

The dressing of the hair in Japanese fashion being somewhat elaborate, the aid of a skilled attendant is usually required to further this important operation of the toilet. The hair is not disarranged at

from the pictures of the renowned artist Ontamaro, whose work is much praised by modern artists. The effects, though somewhat fantastic according to our notions, are always picturesque, and doubtless, in the eyes of male Japan, proved irresistibly alluring.

THE OLD "AMERICA."

It may astonish many landmen, and not a few amateur sailors, to learn that the picture of a smart and apparently modern schooner which we present to our readers as a seasonable souvenir represents, as she now appears and appeared two generations ago, the veritable old *America* which crossed the ocean in 1852, manned by a select crew of American seamen, and successfully bearded the amphibious "British Lion" in his native waters, carrying off that historic cup which appears destined to continue a "bone of contention" between the two nations for all time. As a perpetual challenge cup it can never become the property of either, although it may be carried away from both, should some real foreigner intervene at some future period.

The winning of the cup is a three-fold tale which has been printed so many thousand

that her English owner sold her to some unknown person, by whom she was fitted out as a blockade-runner in the Confederate service.

Her history now becomes somewhat hazy, as might be expected, considering the wild and adventurous business in which she was engaged. Toward the end of the war she was discovered by Lieutenant H. Stevens, commanding the U. S. S. *Albatross*, lying on the bottom of the Saint John River, the inference being that she had been sunk by the Confederates, to prevent her falling into the hands of the enemy. She became a Federal prize, and having been raised and repaired, was mustered into the service and made a lieutenant's command, charge being given for a time to the naval cadet who graduated at the head of his class from the Naval Academy at Annapolis. Among the cadets who obtained this coveted distinction was the well-known yachtsman, S. Nicholson Kane, now the chairman of the New York Yacht Club's sailing committee, in which capacity it is probable that he will have charge of the next international race.

When her term as a training ship ended she was sold out of the service and became the property of the late General Butler. She is now commissioned by his son, who is proud of his possession, as well he may be. Although no longer able to hold her own—as "the America Cup" may be called



night, and in order to keep it smooth a neck-block is used instead of a pillow. It sounds uncomfortable, but as the block is hollowed out to fit the nape of the neck and well padded, no doubt it is quite as restful as the ordinary pillow. The ingenious expedient saves the Japanese women much trouble and expense.

When ornamental combs first came into use among the Japanese they were always made of wood, usually of the valuable and scented varieties. Later, combs made of the more costly materials of ivory and tortoise-shell were used by ladies of the higher class. A comb of clear amber-colored tortoise-shell shown in the illustration is carved and molded to represent flowers and leaves. An ornamental hairpin of the same material is shaped as a fan with leaves and flowers standing out from it and pendants beautifully modeled in the tortoise-shell. Later still gold and silver were employed in the making of ornaments for the hair, and to such an excess that a sumptuary law was passed forbidding the extravagant use of these precious metals for that purpose. The figured comb in the illustration is chased in silver, the pheasant being worked in silver-gilt. Another in beautifully lacquered wood is enriched with the figure of the god of wealth and his little attendant rat, who was allowed to feed on the grains of rice that fell from his overflowing stores of national staple food. One in pierced ivory represents a flight of wild geese, another a flight of swallows over waves, others are in chased gold lac. There are several hundred varieties of these combs and hairpins. The manner of using them is illustrated in the heads of celebrated beauties, here reproduced, copied

times that most people on both sides of the Atlantic are familiar with its details. The strange vicissitudes of fortune, however, through which the victor passed before she arrived at the present snug haven in Eastern waters may not be without interest and novelty, and we shall endeavor to put them on record in the brief space now at our disposal.

Satisfied with the signal manner in which their novel ship had astonished the native Brits, the original owners of the *America* sold her to an English nobleman, Lord de Blaquiere, and during the following ten years she continued to race in European waters with varying fortune, the number of her successes naturally decreasing as time rolled on; and the English yacht-builders, profiting by the lesson learned from their American cousins, and abandoning many cherished structural superstitions, rapidly developed a new type of boat, in which the influence of the old *America*, rather than of any pre-existing native type.

Having won many races with her, Lord de Blaquiere sold the now world-famous craft to Mr. H. E. Decees, a modest Englishman, who changed her name to *Camilla*, with a view to escaping the embarrassing notice which she met with in every European harbor. In 1861, she cruised incognito about the Mediterranean, and some time in 1862 recrossed the Atlantic and visited the West Indies, where it seems probable

with singular felicity—against such a nautical monster as the new *Valkyrie*, she still "walks the water like a thing of life," and being an able and beautiful cruiser, may continue to be a joy to her present owner and his successors, if not forever, then for an indefinite period; for she now looks as fresh as paint, and is reported to be as sound as the day she was built.—(See page 12.)

THE "NAVAHOE."

The *Navahoe* sailed from Newport on Sunday, June 11, for England, and the good wishes of every American go with her. Particularly will yachtsmen on this side of the water watch for news of her safe ar-

PROMPT RELIEF

For biliousness, diarrhoea, nausea, and dizziness, take

Ayer's Pills

the best family medicine, purely vegetable, Every Dose Effective

rival. The fact of a yacht crossing the ocean is thought nothing of nowadays; but Mr. Carroll had *Navahoe* built for a purpose, and every one knows that purpose is to attempt the recapture from our English cousins of the Cape May and Brenton Reef Cups. Mr. Carroll aspires to even greater things, and after many hot discussions on the part of members of the New York Yacht Club permission was granted for the *Navahoe* to challenge the Royal Victoria Yacht Club for the gold cup. If the American boat succeeds in capturing the R. V. Y. C.'s cup there will then be consternation among the yachtsmen of the tight little isle.

That the Herreshoffs of Bristol, R. I., who built the *Navahoe*, did their best, all are sure; and judging from her movements since launching, the prospect is of the brightest that her plucky, open-handed and sportsman-like owner will bring back to America the oft fought-for trophies.—(See page 12.)

BURNS, TO DATE.

Oh, may na power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us;
But rather may th' somsie elves
Hae ithers see, as we ourselves.

DON'T TOBACCO SPIT OR SMOKE YOUR LIFE AWAY.

Is the truthful, startling title of a little book that tells all about No-to-Bac the wonderful, harmless guaranteed tobacco habit cure. The cost is trifling and the man who wants to quit and can't run no physical or financial risk in using "No-To-Bac," sold by all druggists.

Look at drug stores or by mail free address, The Sterling Remedy Co., Box 1753, Indiana, Muncie, Ind.

GOOD NEWS FOR ASTHMATICS.

We observe that the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa, is now in reach of sufferers from Asthma. As before announced, this new discovery is a positive cure for Asthma. You can make trial of the Kola Compound free, by addressing a postal card to the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, who are sending out large trial cases free by mail, to sufferers.

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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Baltimore, 415 Broadway,
Md. New York.

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I began in her autograph-book;
Then tore out the page when she asked me:
"Jack, how does an angel look?"

The World's Fair patronage is more Central than Eastern at present, though the East is well represented there by servant girls, millionaires and society people. We all will be there later.

The Shawknit Half-Hose

have won an enviable reputation, in being the best-fitting, longest-wearing, most comfortable in the market. They differ structurally from all others, in having gussets in the heel, which make the heel large enough to accommodate the human heel and prevent drawing over the instep. Wearers of these

PERFECT-FITTING

half-hose have learned that there is a Difference between Knitting and Stretching a Stocking to the shape of the human foot.

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BEAUTIFUL

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THE HOME OF THE IRISH LEGISLATURE—WHERE WILL IT BE?

WHEN Mr. Gladstone's great measure, the Irish Home Rule Bill, has been safely steered through its perilous parliamentary voyage and finally passed into law, the question will naturally arise, Where shall the new legislature have its home? Before the act of union abolishing the separate Irish Parliament was passed in the year 1800, the national assembly held its sessions in a stately edifice in Dublin, built expressly for the purpose. Sir John Carteret, an eminent architect of that time, prepared plans to the order of the nation, and in 1739 completed the erection of the Parliament House in College Green. It took ten years to accomplish the work, and the cost was ninety-five thousand pounds, or nearly five hundred thousand dollars, but the result was an entire success, utility and architectural grandeur being combined in the happiest degree. Apart from the historic interest attaching to the building, and to the peculiar circumstances under which it passed from being the legislative hall of a nation into the headquarters of a great banking corporation, its world-famous beauty as an edifice is worthy of some description. Our artist has conveyed an accurate idea of the old Irish Parliament House, and also of the Imperial Parliament structure at Westminster, where the hot fight is now waging over Home Rule.

The grand portico of this famous building faces College Green, in the city of Dublin, and forms an imposing colonnade flanked by two long lofty aisles, the approaches from the street. A wide courtyard occupies the space between these aisles, separated from the highway by iron railings, and the entrance to the House of Commons was through a tall door in the center of the wall under the grand portico. The pillars of the colonnade are Ionic, their simplicity adding to the impressive dignity of the whole design. The building occupies an entire block, on the east and west sides of which are two additional entrances; that on the eastern side is beneath another splendid portico—erected in 1785—of six Corinthian columns, having a pediment surmounted by colossal figures of Liberty, Fortitude and Justice. This used to be the entrance to the House of Lords. College Green, which fronts the Parliament House, is one of the most beautiful and historic plazas in Europe. It takes its name from Trinity College, the University of Dublin, whose grand front forms one side of it at right angles to the Parliament building. College Green is associated with some of the most momentous episodes in Irish history. There, in 1792, the Volunteers, with bayonet and cannon, stood resting on their arms, awaiting the Common's vote upon the motion the illustrious Henry Grattan was pressing on the House, to induce it to declare its independence, and which resulted in the Constitution of 1792. As we learn from the "Song of the Irish Volunteers":

"When Grattan rose none dared oppose
The words he spoke for freedom;
They knew our words, to back his words,
We're ready, should he need 'em."

Those who have read the novels of Charles Lever will remember the dramatic account of how Tom Burke, "of Cur's," joined in the surging multitude that filled College Green and execrated the traitor Castlereagh, who "sold his land for gold," as with curling lip and disdainful mien he emerged from the House of Commons.

Since the union the Dublin Parliament House has been occupied by the Bank of Ireland, which acquired it for fifty thousand pounds and an annual rent of two hundred and forty pounds. The bank has made very extensive alterations in and additions to the building. The Commons chamber, which was of circular form inclosed in a square, with the seats rising in concentric tiers, has now no semblance to its former aspect and is used as the cash office; but the House of Lords has suffered little if any change. The bank directors use it as a board room, and beneath its arched ceiling, that rests on Corinthian pillars, the figures on the ancient tapestries depicting the Battle of the Boyne and the Siege of Londonderry, which adorn the walls, look down upon the sordid deliberations of the money-changers just as they once did upon "The Lords of Ireland," sitting in debate over the affairs of the nation.

Will it be possible to rescue this honored pile, whose every stone is pregnant with stirring memories, from the "base uses" to which it is now devoted, when Ireland shall call her sons into council once more? The best answer to this query, which involves a very interesting point, is to be found, I think, in the opinion I once heard expressed in Ireland by the distinguished historian and archaeologist, John T. Gilbert, F.R.S., and secretary to the Royal Irish Academy. "I think," said Mr. Gilbert, "that though the Irish Parliament House was sold to the Bank of Ireland, subject to a certain ground rent, that if ever a native Parliament is re-established, means will be found to recover the building for its original purpose. As a matter of fact, it seems to me that any legislative assembly ever likely to be granted us as the result of a home rule bill would, by reason of its ordinary scope, have the power to pass an act declaring that the Parliament House be surrendered for the public service in the interests of the nation. The proceeding would be on much the same principle as that adopted when private property is condemned for railway construction. Of course the same rule of adequate compensation would apply, and the Irish Parliament would have to make good the claims of the bank for disturbance."

So it seems that the old walls may yet cease to resound with the "jingling of the

guinea" to re-echo the eloquence of Ireland's Tribunes.
We all hope so. Hurry up the Home Rule Bill!—(See page 4.) J. D.

THERE is doubtless a far-seeing wisdom in systematically checking the impulses of the heart and measuring by the hard and fast line of possible publicity the words that would naturally flow from one's pen; but a generous and manly nature scorns the caution that is bred from the mistrust of a friend, and by preference boldly commits itself to stand or fall by a spoken or written word, even should the cost be beyond all proportion to the brief satisfaction enjoyed.

The *Navastota Tablet* (Texas) recently published the following:

- "Who owns the United States?"
- "The people."
- "Who owns the people?"
- "The politicians."
- "Who owns the politicians?"
- "The bondholders."
- "Who owns the bondholders?"
- "The devil."

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Ruppert's World-Renowned Face Bleach keeps the skin free, no matter how badly you freckle.



"Many ladies are annoyed," says Mme. Ruppert, "in the spring by hideous freckles, but, thanks to my World-Renowned Face Bleach, each year this number gets smaller. I guarantee my Face Bleach in every case to remove freckles. In every case where it fails I will give \$50. This should be guarantee enough. I ask only this, that you give it a trial, and, after that, you will agree with me that my World-Renowned Face Bleach is the most wonderful preparation known for removing freckles; and not alone this, but if you use during the summer, you cannot tan, burn or freckle, no matter if you appear in the hottest rays of the sun daily. If you use my Face Bleach in the early spring your freckles will not appear at all. Do not wait, but call now; or, if you live at a distance, send for it. One bottle sells for \$2.00, or three bottles for \$5.00. It is not a cosmetic to cover up, but a thorough cure. I send all orders from a distance in plain wrapper, safely packed, free from outside observation. Beware of imitations. See that all my preparations bear photograph and signature in full on label of Madame A. Ruppert. Address all communications to

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Consultant: Place your claims in our hands and you will not make a mistake. If you have a claim on file, you can draw a pension under the New Law and then complete the old claim. Four years at the front during the war and Twenty Years' experience in the prosecution of Soldiers' Claims has placed us in the front rank of reliable and successful attorneys. **WE SUE TO WRITE AS IF YOU WANT ANY INFORMATION ON THE SUBJECT OF PENSIONS. A DVICE FREE and no fee and claim is allowed.**

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Jess—"Ethel told me she and George were simply engaged last night."
Bess—"I should say they were. I peeped in, and they looked too simple for anything."



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nothing
like it"

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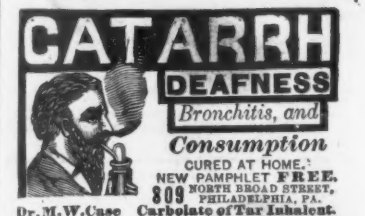
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